

Donald Mark Clyne

Born the only son of Donald LaVar and Betty (Moore) Clyne on April 13, 1954, Don had to contend with three sisters. Don grew up in Nampa, ID, where he attended Nampa High School. He enjoyed driving fast cars, and riding bulls in high school rodeo club. It was in Nampa where he met his first wife. Don became a father at a young age, but like many things in his life he was a natural at it. He was a fun and affectionate dad that always had time to play and laugh with his

kids, even after working a twelve-hour shift.

Don was classically trained in the school of life. He wore many hats and did many jobs. Logger, construction worker, police officer, mechanic, trucker, demolitions expert (only by exaggerating his explosives experience) and the handiest man that we ever knew. He was very proud of his most recent position as building maintenance technician for the city of Deadwood.

Being a logger took Don and his family all over the western states. He worked in Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Colorado, and finally settled in South Dakota. It was a warm summer night in Deadwood when he met his wife, best friend, and love of his life, Gail. He had been visiting his co-worker, LeeAnn (and future step-daughter), in the hospital while she recovered from gall bladder surgery. Gail showed up at the same time to pay her daughter a visit. It was an instant connection and they were married the following summer.

Don and Gail shared their home in Lead where they enjoyed each other's company doing many activities. They loved to hike and bike in the Black Hills as well as shoot the ever-revolving gun collection that Don liked to keep. Gardening was also a hobby and a challenge in the Lead climate, but Don built elaborate watering systems and hail-proof protectors to keep their greens growing.



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Ask anyone what they remember about Don, and they will tell you it was his humor. Don loved to laugh and to make others laugh. He would tease and play and joke; there was never a time that he wasn't laughing about some crack he made or a prank he pulled.

Don always had a wild story to tell. Whether it was entirely truthful, was up to you to decide. However, some stories had scars for proof, like the time his chainsaw kicked back and cut open his thigh. He drove himself to the hospital with one hand holding his leg on and the other on the wheel. Fifty-five stitches later and he was still wielding chainsaws!

Generosity was one of Don's most outstanding qualities. He would bestow gifts of knives or shoes or hats to unsuspecting visitors. He would never hesitate to offer a helping hand, especially if it meant carrying or hauling something heavy.

Donald Mark Clyne left this earth before we were ready to say goodbye. He passed peacefully on October 25, 2017, with his wife and kids by his side.

Don leaves behind his wife, Gail; children, Tara Clyne Rhodes, Olin Clyne, Bethany Clyne Reman, and Marcus Clyne; his mother, Betty Clyne; sisters, Susan Contreras, Sandra Chrest, and Lorie Stites; step-daughters, Lisa Burrer, LeeAnn Burrer, Leslie Burrer, and Lindsay Burrer; grandchildren, Serenity, Adriana, Sophie, Caden, Quinton, and Brennen; and numerous nieces and nephews.

Why you had to leave us so early, we will never know. For this day and the rest to come, we will remember your laugh, your smile, your twinkling eyes, your loving heart, and your generous spirit.

In lieu of flowers, any contributions can be made directly to the family to aid with unexpected medical costs or to Make a Wish SD.

Condolences may be sent to the family at www.kinkadefunerals.com.



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